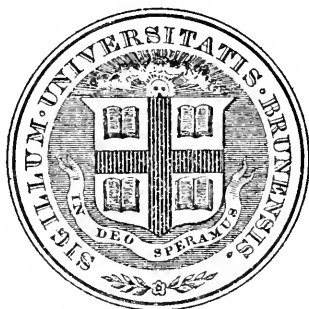




2-IRY  
A12  
1892-1723

The Library of



Brown  
University

Presented by

Education Department





# RHODE ISLAND ARBOR DAY ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ MAY 8 1908



*Mary L. Crosby.*



# State of Rhode Island.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

## ARBOR DAY.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

From year to year there appears a deeper interest in the observation of Arbor Day, a more intelligent appreciation of its opportunities and a better realization of its purposes. Naturally associated with the study of trees is the study of all nature; with the planting of trees, the planting of shrubbery and vines and the making of school gardens; with the beauty of trees, the beauty of grass and hedge and flower. Arbor Day stands for all that makes for the improvement of school grounds, of homes, of streets, and of parks.

Our children should learn the commercial and industrial value of trees, but they should not miss the ethical and æsthetic lessons their truth and beauty teach. As the children, on Arbor Day, may make some spot more beautiful, so should the hearts of the children be made more beautiful by a greater love of all truth and beauty and goodness, with which God has filled the earth. For such end the literary exercises should be arranged.

It will be observed that, while trees are the main theme of Arbor Day, a special feature of the annual this year is school gardens. The planting of gardens comes next to the planting of trees. We need every effort that makes for more beautiful and joyous school homes.

For many schools experience seems to approve the following plan of observing Arbor Day: Let the school assemble at the usual time, or half an hour later, in the morning; devote from thirty minutes to an hour to literary exercises, in which every pupil has a part; and give the rest of the forenoon to the improvement of school grounds, by planting trees, shrubs or flowers, or by other means. Let the afternoon be a free holiday to the pupils, when excursions may be made to the woods, or the planting of trees, or other improvements be continued at home or elsewhere.

It is hoped that the material collected in this booklet will prove helpful to teachers and pupils. May Arbor Day of 1908 be a day of joy, instruction, and inspiration to all our children and youth. And among its various lessons may we not fail to learn that "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

"This is God's House; the blue sky is the ceiling,  
This wood, the soft green carpet for His feet,  
Those hills, His stairs down which the brook comes stealing  
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

"And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing,  
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,  
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying  
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above."

*Nathan E. Ranger*

*Commissioner of Public Schools.*

State House, April 6, 1908.



# *SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM*



SONG

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

PRAYER

SONG

ESSAYS—RECITATIONS

- a. Springtime.
- b. Tree Thoughts.
- c. School Gardens.

SONG

ADDRESSES

SONG

PLANTING

SONG

## SCRIPTURE READING.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

" Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring."

## SPRINGTIME.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree.  
 There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

—*Bryant*.—" *The Gladness of Nature*."

## SPRING.

Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome young Spring!  
 Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.  
 Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;  
 Perfume floats by on the soft, southern breeze.

Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;  
 One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;  
 The lark soars above, with its shrill, matin strain;  
 The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

Music, sweet music, cheers meadow and lea,  
 In the song of the blackbird, the hum of the bee;  
 The loud, happy laughter of children at play  
 Proclaims how they worship Spring's beautiful day.

The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,  
 Are purple with violets and shaded with palm;  
 The zephyr-kissed grass is beginning to wave,  
 Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.

Welcome, all hail to thee, heart-stirring May!  
 Thou hast won from my wild harp a rapturous lay;  
 And the last, dying murmur that sleeps on the string,  
 Is "Welcome! All hail to thee, welcome young Spring!"

—*Eliza Cook*.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
 Half hidden from the eye;  
 Fair as a star when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

—*Wordsworth*

# CALLING THE VIOLET.

Dear little Violet,  
 Don't be afraid!  
 Lift your blue eyes  
 From the rock's mossy shade!  
 All the birds call for you  
 Out of the sky:  
 May, here, is waiting,  
 And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,  
 Violet sweet?  
 Soft is the meadow-grass  
 Under my feet.  
 Wrapped in your hood of green,  
 Violet why  
 Peep from your earth-door  
 So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks  
 Close to your bed;  
 Softest of fleecy clouds  
 Float overhead;  
 "Ready and waiting!"  
 The slender reeds sigh.  
 "Ready and waiting!"  
 We sing—May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,  
 Winter's away;  
 Come, for without you  
 May isn't May.  
 Down through the Sunshine  
 Wings flutter and fly;—  
 Quick, little Violet,  
 Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,  
 "Dear Violet, come!"  
 How can you stay  
 In your underground home?  
 Up in the pine boughs  
 For you the winds sigh:  
 Homesick to see you,  
 Are we,—May and I.

Ha, though you care not  
 For call or for shout,  
 Yon troop of sunbeams  
 Are winning you out.  
 Now all is beautiful  
 Under the sky:  
 May's here,—and violets!  
 Winter, good by!

—Lucy Larcom.

## TREE THOUGHTS.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws sustenance and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadow in the hollow of the hills,  
And wide the upland grows.

—*Longfellow.*

With every green tree that surrounds us with its rich leafage, with every shrub on the roadside where we walk, with every grass-blade that bends to the breeze in the field through which we pass, we have a natural relationship; they are our true compatriots. The birds that hop from twig to twig in our gardens, that sing in our bowers, are part of ourselves.

—*Goethe.*

## A TEMPLE.

Did many of us ever really see a tree? We focus our eyes on a great many things which in reality we never see at all. How blind we are to the common things around us—willfully blind because they are common! But it is the common things after all that are the most wonderful.

Take one of the thousands and millions of leaves on a tree. What is a leaf? It may not be so hard to find a fairly satisfactory dictionary definition for one; but with that and a little sense-perception, our knowledge ends. Any one who could tell us just what a leaf is, and how by some strange action of air and earth and sunlight it comes to be a leaf—his would transcend the wisdom of the ages.

Trees are common. Yes, but how long did it take Mother Nature, working incessantly, to form out of the low one-celled plant, cruder and simpler than any grass or weed we know, the beautiful, noble monarch of the plant kingdom which we call a tree?

"The groves were God's first temples." And each tree is a temple for birds and bees. Its living columns are overlaid with the ruby and topaz of summer sunlight and with the pearl and diamond dust of winter. It is a shrine where the spirit of man may look up. It is a monument to what has been, a heavenward pointing testimony to the Power that lies at the heart of things.

—*Anna Bagstad, Gayville, S. D.*

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
 Into the solemn wood,  
 Solemn and silent everywhere;  
 Nature with folded hands seemed there  
 Kneeling at her evening prayer,  
 Like one in prayer I stood.

—*Longfellow.*

There is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smiles amidst all the rigors of winter, and gives us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy.

—*Addison.*

### A WOOD LYRIC.

Into the stilly woods I go,  
 Where the shades are deep and the wind flowers blow,  
 And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,  
 And the power of silence is greater than song,  
 Into the stilly woods I go,  
 Where the leaves are cool and the wind flowers blow,

When I go into the stilly woods,  
 And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,  
 The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen  
 Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,  
 In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,  
 Like one who enters cathedral walls,  
 A spirit of beauty floods over me,  
 As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,  
 That strengthens and glories, refreshes and fills,  
 Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills  
 With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,  
 And a sense of the infinite out of sight,  
 Of the great unknown that we may not know,  
 But only feel with an inward glow  
 When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me  
 Into the wood's hushed sanctity,  
 Where the great cool branches are heavy with June,  
 And the voices of summer are strung in tune;  
 Come with me, O heart out-worn,  
 Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,  
 Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,  
 Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,  
 The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet.

—*Wilfred Campbell.*

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,  
 And stretch beyond them with exultant bound!  
 The grass and flowers, with living power, o'ergrow  
 Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*—"Summer Studies,"

Of the infinite variety of fruits which spring from the bosom of the earth, the trees of the wood are greatest in dignity. Of all the works of the creation which know the changes of life and death, the trees of the forest have the longest existence. Of all the objects which crown the gray earth, the woods preserve unchanged, throughout the greatest reach of time, their native character. The works of man are ever varying their aspect; his towns and his fields alike reflect the unstable opinions, the fickle wills and fancies of each passing generation; but the forests on his borders remain to-day the same as they were ages of years since. Old as the everlasting hills, during the thousands of seasons they have put forth and laid down their verdure in calm obedience to the decree which first bade them cover the ruins of the Deluge.

—*Susan Fenimore Cooper.*

Upon the inner bark, called "liber," of trees, came the annals, the lore of all the ancient world's written life inscribed by stylus. Not only from tree bark has the intellect of man taken the record of its early development, but even the word "library," which embraces all the conserved thoughts of all the thinking ages, comes from the inner bark of a tree. And the word "book," take either derivation you choose, comes from German or Saxon or Scandinavian meaning beech wood, because in the dawn of learning all records were written on beech boards, and the leaf and the folio which make up the book came to us also from the trees.

—*Morton.*

## THE PINE TREE.

The pine is the tree of silence. Who was the Goddess of Silence? Look for her altars amid the pines—silence above, silence below. One walks over a carpet of pine needles almost as noiselessly as over the carpets of our own dwellings. Do these halls lead to the chambers of the great, that all noise should be banished from them? Let the designers come here and get the true pattern for a carpet—a soft, yellowish brown, with only a red leaf, or a bit of gray moss, or a dusky lichen scattered here and there; a background that does not weary or bewilder the eye, or insult the ground-loving foot.

—*John Burroughs.*

## AN EDUCATOR.

"In learning," proudly said the birch,  
 "I once played quite a part;  
 Whenever little boys were dull,  
 Why, I could make 'em smart."

—*From St. Nicholas.*

## THE HARD MAPLE.

The maples are a noble family, citizens of many nations, denizens of many climes, always and everywhere clothed with more than queenly grace and beauty. Fifty members maintain the stainless purity of the family name and uphold its pristine glory. Ten of them are our fellow-citizens, and hold honored places in each one of our great sisterhood of States. Long ago the birds chose the maple as queen of the forest. On its pliant branches they sing their sweetest songs. Amid its silvery leaves they tell the story of their loves and seal their plighted faith. Lady bird makes her secret bower amidst its branches, and the queenly maple draws her green curtains so closely about the nestlings that the sharp-eyed squirrel cannot find them.

—*C. A. Hutchins.*

## THE DEATH OF THE LEAF.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a little maple leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do, when a gentle wind is moving. One of the twigs said:

“What is the matter, little leaf?”

“The cruel wind,” replied the leaf, “has just told me that some day it will pull me off and throw me to the ground to die.”

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and the tree, hearing it, rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf:

“Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.”

So the leaf stopped sighing and went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

It grew all summer long and even till October. When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some had both colors. Then it asked the tree what the coloring meant.

The tree answered:

“All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.”

Then the little leaf began to want to fly away, and grew very beautiful in thinking of going. When it was very gay in hue, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. Then the leaf said:

“Oh, branches! why are you lead color, while we leaves are golden?”

The branches replied:

“We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.”

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go, without thinking of what it was doing. A breeze caught it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. Then the leaf dropped gently down beside the fence, among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it had dreamed about.

—*H. W. Beecher.*



## THE OAK TREE.

Long ago in changeful autumn,  
When the leaves were turning brown,  
From the tall oak's topmost branches  
Fell a little acorn down.

And it tumbled by the pathway,  
And a chance foot trod it deep  
In the ground, where all the winter  
In its shell it lay asleep,

With the white snow lying over,  
And the frost to hold it fast,  
Till there came the mild spring weather,  
When it burst its shell at last.

Many years kind Nature nursed it,  
Summers hot and winters long;  
Down the sun looked bright upon it,  
While it grew up tall and strong.

Now it stands up like a giant,  
Casting shadows broad and high,  
With huge trunk and leafy branches  
Spreading up into the sky.

Child, when haply you are resting  
'Neath the great oak's monster shade,  
Think how little was the acorn  
Whence that mighty tree was made.

Think how simple things and lowly  
Have a part in Nature's plan;  
How the great have small beginnings,  
And the child becomes a man.

Little efforts work great actions;  
Lessons in our childhood taught  
Mold the spirits to the temper  
Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

Cherish then the gifts of childhood,  
Use them gently, guard them well;  
For their future growth and greatness  
Who can measure, who can tell?

—*Colorado Arbor and Bird Day.*

"Planting and pruning trees," Sir Walter said, "I could work at from morning till night. There is a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery, in the idea that, while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country."

—*Ohio Arbor Day Manual, 1904.*

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly. You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin; but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers "the lap of the earth," you may hide it there, unblamed; and when you render in your account you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

The young should plant trees in recognition of the obligations they owe to those who planted trees for them. The old should plant trees to illustrate their hope for the future, and their concern for those who are to come after them. The economist should plant trees, especially in the prairie country, and beautify the landscape and ameliorate the sweep of the north wind. And as we plant trees on Arbor Day a kindred feeling to that experienced on the Fourth of July should possess us. For the time being we are one in mind; we are one people, engaged in something to do good to mankind.

—*J. Wilson.*

The most unique celebration of Arbor Day, probably, is that which occurs at Eynsford, England, where some remarkable commemorative tree-planting has taken place. The observance began in 1897, during Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, when shade trees were planted in acrostic form, and an orchard of apple trees was set out. During the South African war the shade trees commemorated the defence of Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking. In 1902, four years after Queen Victoria's death, trees were planted along the main road as a memorial in acrostic form, expressing Lord Tennyson's line:—

“She wrought her people lasting good.”

Since then a quarter of a mile of trees have been planted whose initial letters spell out two lines from Robert Browning's “Rabbi Ben Ezra”:—

“The best is yet to be;

The last of life for which the first was made.”

In this way the people are drawn to learn the names of many different varieties of trees, so as to identify them at sight and read the couplets from the fifty-two initial letters, for themselves.

—*Journal of Education.*

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.

—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

—*Emerson.*

### A RIDDLE.

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;  
My one foot stands, but never goes.  
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;  
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.  
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.  
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.  
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,  
And yet I am always very tight laced.  
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;  
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.  
In summer with song I shake and quiver,  
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—*George McDonald.*

## TREE FEELINGS.

I wonder if they like it—being trees?  
 I suppose they do. . . .  
 It must feel good to have the ground so flat,  
 And feel yourself stand right straight up like that—  
 So stiff in the middle—and then branch at ease.  
 Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and blow,  
 And all those fringy leaves that flutter so.  
 You'd think they'd break off at the lower end  
 When the wind fills them, and their great heads bend.  
 But then you think of all the roots they drop.  
 As much at bottom as there is at top,—  
 A double tree, widespread in earth and air  
 Like a reflection in the water there.

I guess they like to stand still in the sun  
 And just breathe out and in, and feel the cool sap run;  
 And like to feel the rain run through their hair  
 And slide down to the roots and settle there.  
 But I think they like wind best. From the light touch  
 That lets the leaves whisper and kiss so much,  
 To the great swinging, tossing, flying wide,  
 And all the time so stiff and strong inside!  
 And the big winds, that pull, and make them feel  
 How long their roots are, and the earth how leal!

And O the blossoms! And the wild seeds lost!  
 And jewelled martyrdom of fiery frost!  
 And fruit trees. I'd forgotten. No cold gem,  
 But to be apples—and bow down with them.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## TREES.

### A Song of the Woods.

Oh, give me the wild woods,  
 For comfort and for store,  
 For joy of life that lingers  
 When youthful zest is o'er;

The free woods, the free hills,  
 The blue of lake and sky,—  
 The country of God's children  
 When they to Him are nigh!

The woods are utter silence,  
 The woods, they have no end!  
 Your campfire is your homestead,  
 And starry night your friend.

The wild has ne'er a city,  
 And ne'er a state or town.  
 Sleep in God's tent, and welcome;  
 He never takes it down.

—James Buckham.

# TREES I'LL PLANT.

(Recitation for three children.)

## First Child.

Because I love the robins well,  
I'll plant a cherry tree;  
Then when farmers roughly scold  
They'll come and live with me.

## Second Child.

Because I love the pretty squirrels,  
So frisky and so gay,  
I'll many nut trees plant around,  
Then they'll come near to play.

## Third Child.

Because I love the shady spots  
That leafy limbs can make,  
A dozen trees I'll plant each year  
Just for their own sweet sake.

## Together.

Because we love the whole wide world,  
And every living thing,  
We'll plant, and bless, and keep the trees  
For all the good they bring.

—*Lettie Sterling.*

# PLANTING THE TREES.

Come, let us plant the trees.

That when the winds are sporting in the spring,  
The boughs may bend to catch their whispering:

That while the moon is mistress of the night,  
Their silver leaves may twinkle in the light:

That in the shadow of each spreading crest,  
The weary traveler may enjoy his rest:

That when the lover seeks the restful shade,  
He'll find a leafy bower that love has made:

And when the grandchild climbs the moss-grown limb,  
He'll be reminded that we thought of him:

That when the songsters back and forth are winging,  
They'll rest awhile and cheer us with their singing.

Come, let us plant the trees.

With a bough for the nest of the robin-redbreast  
With its four little eggs of blue,  
And a bough just above where the turtle-dove  
May sit by its mate and coo:  
With a bough that will swing for the little drab king,  
As he watches for bugs and bees,  
And for every one of them under the sun,  
A dear little home in the trees.

Come, let us all unite to plant the trees  
And show our homage unto Him above,  
Who gave to nature such a boon as these,  
And left the world a legacy of love.

—*Charles E. Holmes, Sioux Falls, S. D.*

## SCHOOL GARDENS.

An observance of Arbor Day is giving "a day or part of a day to special exercises and perhaps to actual tree planting, in recognition of the importance of trees to us as a nation, and of what they yield in adornment, comfort, and useful products to the communities in which you live." Interpreted, however, in the broader terms of that public spirit which created it and has fostered its keeping, we believe that the intent includes much more than this mere ceremonial on a certain date, that it means the awakening of interest in definite plans for the improvement of the school premises and neighborhood, the directing of the attention and spring enthusiasm of pupils nature-ward, and the general encouragement of planting. In other words, it means grouping, around an initial time and ceremonial, those nature activities whose roots, planted in the soil of spring, feed healthy growing branches which point onward through many days to foliage, and fruit, and harvesting.

The subject of school gardens, now attracting widespread attention and generally recognized as a powerful factor in the education of both city and country children, may, therefore, be given legitimate space in an Arbor Day leaflet. All the processes of gardening are pre-eminently valuable nature studies, yielding quickly and effectively that right attitude, or point of view, which is our chief aim.

The school garden is not necessarily a school grounds garden, need not be a garden for the school, but it is a garden made and cared for by public school children under the direction of the teacher. Lest this definition have too forbidding and formidable a sound to the overtaxed teacher, let me add the words of "Uncle John" in one of his letters to the many pupil gardeners of New York State: "I consider that any one who cares for a plant, growing either in a window box or in a tomato can, has a garden. Yes; a plant growing in an eggshell constitutes a garden."

The common school course of study is already heavily burdened. Can gardening elbow its way in? Can it produce valid claims justifying its right to a place among geography, arithmetic, reading, and other branches which have held their places so long that we have ceased to question why they are on our program? These undoubtedly essential studies stand and have stood three tests: first, the test of usefulness; second, the test of mental discipline; third, the test of humanizing culture. Can school gardening meet the same threefold challenge?

Is gardening for school children useful? Where gardens have been conducted for several years, long enough for certain proof, the following results among others are vouched for—better knowledge of the things and forces connected directly with the soil and its products, a knowledge often enabling its possessor to pass easily and advantageously into the wider industrial world; efficiency in handling tools; systematic order in doing things; practical application of arithmetic, letter-writing, and business rudiments; simple ownership and responsibility, etc. When it is undoubtedly proved that boys having garden work are more rapid in mental, moral, and physical development than those not having gardens, can we hesitate to meet this query with an emphatic affirmative?

Our second test raises the question whether it furnishes material for mental discipline. The foundation for all sound thinking is accurate observation; and a moment's reflection shows us in our nature field a rich and endless array of material, vitally connected with the life of the pupil. Memorizing becomes easy when the mind acts within the range of its own interests, and it is clear and vivid when it deals with realities instead of symbols and abstractions learned simply to be recited. The creative use of the imagination is brought into play in many ways in planning a garden, while judgment and reason are constantly exercised in comparison of results, and in the noting of causes and effects, as well as in the multiple details of work. Since observation, memory, imagination, judgment, and reason are the requirements of mental discipline, we have, therefore, a favorable answer to our second question.

But has this work a culture value, or will it fail to stand the scrutiny of our third test? The boy learning to give intelligent and effective service in the garden will become later more serviceable in and for civilization than the one idling away time, "bummin', breaking windows, and stealing apples." Instances might be multiplied of transformations of character wrought by school gardens. Healthy work out of doors; finding out past dispute that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" the wonders of God's handiwork; beauty and law interpreting their own unspoken messages; the dignity of producing something, which is a bonded guaranty of respect for the products of others: these are surely some agencies making subtle but powerful contributions toward refinement, progress, and humanizing culture.

To summarize. Is gardening for school children useful? The answer is, Yes. Do school gardens afford material for mental discipline? The answer is, Yes. Can school gardens contribute to humanizing culture? The answer is, Yes. Tested and not found wanting in educational, ethical, and utilitarian values, what should be its future in Rhode Island schools? Who of us are willing to break up new ground, to plant and till a good endeavor?

*—Isabel B. Holbrook.*

"The absence of the school garden is the most radical defect in our elementary education."

"School gardens are not intended to create gardeners or farmers, but to afford the growing boy and girl an opportunity for a many sided development."

"Agriculture is the oldest of the arts and the newest of the sciences."

"Manual training has brought the shop and the school together, but the farm and the school are still far apart."

"With hand on the spade and heart in the sky, dress the ground and till it."

## HISTORY OF SCHOOL GARDENS.

The school garden, although as yet a comparatively new feature in America, has long been valued abroad as an important factor in the education of children, and in several countries antedates the establishment of a public school system. Records show that as far back as the sixteenth century botanical gardens were considered a necessary part of the equipment of Italian universities, while in many cities there were public botanical gardens.

Over two and a half centuries ago Comenius, the most celebrated educational reformer of the seventeenth century, said: "*A garden should be connected with every school where children can at times gaze upon trees, flowers, and herbs, and be taught to enjoy them.*"

In later times the recognition of the value of the study and practice of gardening has been very general throughout Europe. Germany, from whom the new world has learned many valuable educational lessons, may be said to be the leader in the school garden movement, for although school gardens have not been officially incorporated as an organic part of the German school system, Germany's experience in this "new" form of education extends over a period of eighty years. In 1814 instruction in the culture of fruits and vegetables appears as a part of the rural school program of several German States. To-day in Germany there are thousands of elementary school gardens, and careful attention is given to training the teachers for this work.

Austria was the first country to legalize school gardens. The Austrian Imperial School Law of 1869 requires that "a garden and place for agricultural experiments shall be established at every rural school." At the present time there are nearly 20,000 school gardens, while Bohemia alone has over 4,000 school gardens.

Sweden, by royal proclamation in 1869,—a few months later than Austria,—made gardening a requirement in the legalized schools, specifying that "gardens from 70 to 150 square rods be established in connection with every elementary school."

School gardens are also required in Belgium by the school law of 1873, which stipulates that every school shall have a garden occupying at least a quarter of an acre, while the teachers are required by a royal decree of 1897 to give instruction in both theory and practice of botany, horticulture, and agriculture.

Switzerland makes admirable provision for public school gardens, offering prizes for excellence, and providing gardens in connection with the Normal schools in order that teachers may receive the special training needed to enable them to teach gardening effectively.

In France special emphasis is placed in all schools upon the teaching of agriculture. By order of the French Ministry of Education in 1880 the course in the Normal schools was made to include such instruction as will enable the graduate teachers "to carry to the elementary schools an exact knowledge of the soil, the means of improving it, methods of cultivation, management of a farm and garden."

Russia as well as France requires every school receiving public funds to support a school garden. The school gardens of a single province in Southern Russia contain, in addition to flowers and vegetables, 111,000 fruit trees, more than double that number of forest trees, and 1,000 bee hives. For several years Russia has supplied special training for teachers along these lines by means of short summer school courses in horticulture, etc. Seeds and books on gardening are distributed free of charge to all schools, while expert gardeners are sent out by the government to aid teachers in establishing gardens and planning courses of study.

In all these countries where gardening is a regular subject of instruction the immediate and practical results are everywhere very marked.

In the United States the school garden movement has within a very few years developed with a rapidity that is evidence of the convincing nature of its appeal to those who have the educational welfare of the country most closely at heart.

Since the planting, nearly twenty years ago in Roxbury, Mass., of the first American public school garden, the idea has taken root in many widely separated states, until at the present time there is a chain of pioneer school gardens reaching from Bath, Me., to Los Angeles, Cal.

### HINTS FOR THE FIRST SCHOOL GARDEN.

Begin early—early enough to stir up enthusiasm before it is time to stir up the soil; early enough to transplant all rubbish from the school grounds before it is time to plant seeds.

Have the children decide what the garden is to be, and here is a wide range; it may be a little ornamental "posy bed" cared for by all the children, a wild flower and fern garden of plants transplanted from woods and fields, a flower garden in which each child has a row, or a flower and vegetable garden divided into individual plots. The individual plot plan is undoubtedly to be preferred wherever practicable, and there are few village or rural schools where there is not room for the plot system. The individual garden arouses a personal responsibility and interest invaluable to the child. The plots should be small—good results can be obtained on a plot two feet square. Large plots which overtax the children to keep in perfect condition, often prove so discouraging that they are neglected.

Having agreed upon the type of garden, the location should be determined. Lead the children to study carefully the conditions of sunshine and shadow, dryness and moisture, etc., and let them decide upon the best place for the garden, and *why*. The garden must not encroach upon the playground too much.

When these points are settled, decide how the space chosen for the garden is to be divided; the number, size, and position of the beds; number, size, and direction of the walks, etc. All actual measurements and calculations should be made by the children, and plans drawn to scale.

Breaking up and fertilizing the soil, raking, staking out beds and walks, must all be done systematically, with a reason for each process.

The older children should be supplied with note books in which to keep a written record of their work in the garden.

It is best to select for cultivation in the first school garden a few varieties of very common vegetables, and hardy, easily grown flowers. Class room study of the seeds, and instruction regarding planting, should be given before planting takes place. Some kinds of seeds may be given to the children to plant in boxes at home before it is time to plant out-of-doors, and the seedlings thus secured transplanted at the proper time.

Work in the school garden should be conducted in an orderly, intelligent manner—the children should always understand, not only what they are doing, but also just why it has to be done. Avoid planting so much land or so many kinds of seeds that care and careful study cannot be given to the garden and all it contains.

Remember that the best crop to be gathered from the school garden is the live interest in plant life, and the love of wholesome, useful out-of-door work gained by the children.

—From *School Gardens*, by Edith Goodyear Alger.



## IMPROVEMENT OF SCHOOL GROUNDS.

The improvement and care of the school grounds by the pupils well illustrates the force of custom in creating an appreciation of the beautiful and in developing a disposition to respect public property. What is done by the organizer of the school in creating this public sentiment can, in a measure at least, be accomplished by any teacher or superintendent who really desires to beautify the school grounds under his care. Do we not as teachers greatly underestimate our influence in nurturing the sometimes almost extinguished æsthetic and nature loving instincts of our pupils? Do we fully realize how much it means to the coming citizen to early inculcate a high regard for public property,—how much it means for character to create, even during the kindergarten years, the disposition so often expressed by both boys and girls when asked about some improvement on the school premises, "Oh! please may I help?"

—*Idaho Arbor Day Manual.*

A school garden should be considered as a laboratory in which the different steps in the life of a plant are to be illustrated. The nature of the soil, the importance of fertilization, and the conditions essential to germination, as well as the conditions conducive to growth, can all be illustrated in a logical and impressive manner in the school garden. Field excursions may be the ideal way of conducting nature study work with reasoning minds, but with minds that are being trained to a logical system and in a consecutive and systematic fashion the school garden affords facilities not to be approached in field excursions. Field excursions offer disconnected fragments of the history of natural objects, while the school garden furnishes opportunities for observing plants from seed time to harvest.

—*L. C. Corbett.*

There is no earthly pleasure so pure, so free from alloy, as the enjoyment derived from the observation of Nature. Though it may be a shock to the utilitarian, it is a delight to the beauty lover to find so high an authority as Ruskin saying the following:

"The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be; not the reason of flowers that seeds may be."—(*The Queen of the Air*"—*Chap II: "Athena Keramitis."*)

Children should be encouraged by their elders to derive all the enjoyment possible from the beautiful in Nature. This is a means of culture which they may have without wealth and of which Time will not rob them.

—*Illinois Arbor and Bird Day.*

## THE SOWER.

Sow with a generous hand,  
Pause not for toil or pain,  
Weary not, through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold, spring  
rain,  
But wait 'till the autumn comes,  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall to-day,  
And care not what hand shall reap it,  
Or if you shall have passed away  
Before the waving cornfields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

### SPRING PLANTING TIME.

What will you sow, little children, what will you sow?  
In your garden you wish that sweet flowers would blossom and grow?  
Then be careful to choose from the myriads of wonderful seeds  
The caskets that lock up delight, and beware of the weeds!

If you sow nettles, alas for the crop you will reap!  
Stings and poison and pain, bitter tears for your eyes to weep.  
If you plant lilies and roses and pinks and sweet peas  
What beauty will charm you, what perfumes on every breeze!

Thus will it be, little folk, in the garden of life;  
Sow seeds of ill-nature, you'll reap only sorrow and strife;  
But pleasant, kind words, gentle deeds, happy thoughts, if you sow,  
What roses and lilies of love will spring round you and grow!

Smiles will respond to yours brighter than marigolds are,  
And sweeter than fragrance of any sweet flower, by far;  
From the blossoms of beautiful deeds will a blessing arise,  
And a welcome a sight of you kindle in every one's eyes.

Then what will you sow, my dear children, what will you sow?  
Seeds of kindness, of sweetness, of patience, drop softly, and lo!  
Love shall blossom around you in joy and in beauty, and make  
A garden of Paradise here upon earth for your sake.

*Celia Thaxter.*

### WONDERFUL.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How the creeping grasses grow,  
High on the mountain's rocky brink,  
In the valleys down below?  
A common thing is a grass-blade small,  
Crushed by the feet that pass,—  
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,  
Working till Doomsday's shadows fall,  
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How a little seed asleep,  
Out of the earth new life will drink,  
And carefully upward creep?  
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,  
The germ of a flower or weed,  
But all earth's workmen laboring,  
With all the help that wealth could bring  
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How the wild bird sings his song,  
Weaving melodies, link by link,  
The whole sweet summer long?  
Commonplace is a bird, always,  
Everywhere seen and heard,—  
But all the engines of earth, I say,  
Working on till the Judgment Day,  
Never could make a bird.

*—Julian S. Cutler.*

### “O YE OF LITTLE FAITH.”

A Sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears;  
 “I dare not hope,” he said, “for fruitful ears;  
 Poor hath the harvest been in other years;”  
 Yet ere the August moon had waxen old,  
 Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold;  
 He reaped a thousand fold!

In a dark place, one dropt a kindly word;  
 “So weak my voice,” he sighed, “perchance none heard,  
 Of if they did, no answering impulse stirred.”  
 Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake;  
 One put a life in peril for his sake,  
 Because that word he spake!

“Little have I to give, O Lord,” one cried,  
 “A wayward heart that oft hath Thee denied;  
 Couldst Thou with such a gift be satisfied?”  
 Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint  
 God took the love that seemed so poor and faint,  
 And from it made a Saint!

—*Christian Burke.*

Seeds are scattered in many ways. Birds help to carry them. Animals sometimes carry seeds about in their hair and drop them here and there. The burrs are seed holders. Have you ever thought that when you picked them off and threw them away, you were scattering seeds? The down of the thistle, milk-weed, and dandelion seeds make little fluffy balloons. The wind takes these balloons on long journeys. There are seeds that roll when they fall, and some that are carried from their homes by water. The seeds of the maple, the elm, pine, fir, and ash have wings. We have often seen them flying through the air. The wind helps to scatter these and often carries them far from where they grew.

—*Ohio Arbor and Bird Day Annual, 1907.*

Spacious and fair is the world; yet oh! how I thank the kind heavens that I a garden possess, small though it be, yet mine own. One which enticeth me homewards; why should a gardener wander? Honor and pleasure he finds, when to his garden he looks.

—*Goethe.*

“I believe in a spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me a universal workingman.”

—*Emerson.*

### THE GREEN CARPET.

When Mother Nature's cleaning house  
 She likes to have things fresh and clean,  
 And so she lifts her carpet brown  
 And puts a lovely new one down,  
 Of softest, brightest green,

'Tis figured well with violets,  
 The prettiest patterns ever seen;  
 It spreads and reaches everywhere,  
 And covers places poor and bare,  
 This carpet made of green.

And oh, we children love to roll  
 Upon its surface soft and clean!  
 Better than rugs on polished floors,  
 Better than anything indoors,  
 The carpet made of green!

—*Marion Beattie, in Youth's Companion.*

### SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,  
 An' clean yer barn in every part;  
 But brush the cobwebs from yer head,  
 An' sweep the snowbank from yer  
 heart;  
 Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'  
 Bring forth the duster an' the broom,  
 But rake your foggy notions down,  
 An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,  
 An' dress the soul in newer style,  
 Scrape from yer min' its wornout crust,  
 An' dump it in the rubbish pile;  
 Sweep out the dates that burn an' smart,  
 Bring in new loves serene an' pure,  
 Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart  
 Place modern styles of furniture.  
 Clean out yer moril cubby holes,  
 Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the slum!  
 Tis cleaning time for healthy souls;  
 Get up and dust! The spring hez  
 come!

Clean out the corners of the brain,  
 Bear down with scrubbin' brush and  
 soap,  
 And dump ol' Fear into the rain.  
 An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.  
 Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,  
 Soak every cranny, great an' small,  
 An' in the front room of the soul  
 Hang pootier pictures on the wall.  
 Scrub up the winders of the mind.  
 Clean up, an' let the spring begin;  
 Swing open wide the dusty blind,  
 An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,  
 Set out new shade and blossom trees.  
 An' let the soul once froze and hard  
 Sprout crocuses of new ideas.  
 Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,  
 An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;  
 But brush the cobwebs from yer head  
 An' sweep the snowbanks from your  
 heart.

—*Sam Walter Foss, Yankee Blade.*

### THE TAX GATHERER.

"And pray, who are you?"  
 Said the violet blue  
 To the Bee, with surprise  
 At his wonderful size,  
 In her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,  
 "Am a publican Bee,  
 Collecting the tax  
 Of honey and wax.  
 Have you nothing for me?"

—*John B. Tabb.*

# ON THE FARM.

Where do quail and partridge coveys  
 Hide themselves in hunting time?  
 Where do squirrels by the dozen  
 Through the leafy branches climb?  
 How can hunters get among them  
 Without giving an alarm?  
 Ask the towzle-headed youngsters  
 Who are living on the farm.

Where do violets grow the sweetest,  
 And the maidenhair most fine?  
 Where do lilies float in navies?  
 Where do morning-glories twine?  
 Where do wild flowers earliest blossom  
 When the spring is breathing warm?  
 Ask the towzle-headed youngsters  
 Who are living on the farm.

Where do health and strength together  
 Fill the days with brimming joy?  
 Where do simple, honest pleasures  
 Never flag and never cloy?  
 If you'd see boys as they should be,  
 Fleet of foot and strong of arm,  
 See the towzle-headed youngsters  
 Who are living on the farm.

—*Youth's Companion.*

"If flowers had a language as has oftentimes been said, I wonder if the buttercups would cry aloud for bread!"

—*Ohio Arbor and Bird Day Annual.*

# FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
 And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
 And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
 And one is for love, you know,  
 And God put another one in for luck—  
 If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
 You must love and be strong—and so—  
 If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

"We must not hope to be mowers,  
 And to gather the ripe, golden ears.  
 Unless we first have been sowers  
 And watered the flowers with tears.  
 It is not just as we take it,  
 This wonderful world of ours,  
 Life's field will yield as we make it,  
 A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

—*Selected.*

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do.

—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

### LILY.

Where does the snow go,  
 So white on the ground?  
 Under May's azure  
 No flake can be found.  
 Look into the lily  
 Some sweet summer hour;  
 There blooms the snow,  
 In the heart of the flower.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,  
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
 But the least motion which they made,  
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
 To catch the breezy air;  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there.

—*Wordsworth.*

# SPRINGTIME IS COMING.

F. F. C.

CHURCHILL-GRIEDEL.

*Moderately fast.*

Oh, spring time is com-ing, we know, When tu-lips and vi-o-lets grow; And

pan-sies and lil-ies and daf-fa-down-dil-lies Will nod their wee heads to and fro; . The

rob-in and blue-bird and wren . . Will join in the sweet re-frain, . . And

bright lit-tle flow-ers will wel-come the show'rs, And we will be hap-py a-

gain. For springtime is com-ing, we know; Good-bye to the frost and the snow; For we

love to play on a sun-shin-y day, Where tu-lips and vi-o-lets grow.

## MAY.

ANNA M. PRATT.

1. The or - chard is a ro - sy cloud, The oak a ro - sy mist, And  
2. A mes - sage comes a - cross the fields, Borne on the balm - y air; For

oh, the gold of the but - ter - cup, The morn - ing sun has kissed! There are  
all the lit - tle seek - ing hands, The flow'rs are ev - 'ry - where.

twink - ling shad - ows on the grass, Of a my - riad ti - ny leaves, And a  
Hark! a mur - m'ring in - the hive; List a car - ol sweet; While

twitter - ing loud from the bu - sy crowd, That build be - neath the eaves.  
feath - ered throats the thrill - ing notes A thou - sand times re - peat.

CHORUS, *Gaily.*

Then sing, hap - py chil - dren! The bird and bee are here; The



May-time is a gay time, The blos-som time o' the year. Then sing, hap - py chil - dren! the

bird and bee are here; The May-time is a gay time, The blos-som time o' the year.

## THE ALDER BY THE RIVER.

CELIA THAXTER.

THOMAS MCCORMICK.  
Grade IX, C. F.

1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow - dery curls. The  
 2. The ver - dant grass comes creep - ing, So soft be - neath the feet, The  
 3. And just as ma - ny dais - ies As their soft hands can hold, The

wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls. The  
 frogs be - gin to rip - ple A mu - sic clear and sweet, And  
 lit - tle ones may gath - er All fair in white and gold, Here

lit - tle birds fly o - ver, And oh, how sweet they sing, To  
 but - ter - cups are com - ing, And scar - let col - um - bine, And  
 blows the warm, red clov - er, There peeps the vio - let blue.— Oh,

tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.  
 in the sun - ny mead - ows The dan - de - li - ons shine.  
 hap - py, hap - py chil - dren, God makes them all for you.

## TENDER LITTLE SAPLINGS.

CLARA F. DENTON.

ALMA STEBBINS,  
Grade VIII, C. F.

1. Ten - der lit - tle sap - lings Grow - ing in the sun,  
2. Now they're ver - y slen - der, But some day you'll see

Play - ing with the breez - es, Mer - ry ev - 'ry one.  
Ev - 'ry lit - tle sap - ling Grown a tall oak tree.

When the wind is blow - ing, See them swing and sway,  
Then the hap - py song - sters In our arms will rest,

Ti - ny branch - es toss - ing Ev - 'ry leaf at play.  
And the moth - er bird - ie Build her co - zy nest.

## PLANTING OF THE TREE.

1. Ten - der twig' and root - let fine, Guard - ed by an eye di - vine,  
2. Plant - ed with the faith of youth, Em - blem fair of Na - ture's truth,  
3. Slow - ly ris - ing toward the sky, Spread - ing knowl - edge, fib - er - ty,  
4. Day of pride—the na - tion's joy,— Our glad serv - ice long em - ploy,

Now to earth's fond care we give, May they strong - er grow and live,  
Smiles and hopes, no need of fears, Prom - ise of the com - ing years.  
Glo - ries of our coun - try blest, Type of all we hold the best,  
Ev - er thy re - turn shall see, Hearts to tend and love this tree.

## THE GRAND OLD TREES.

Journal of Education.

GEORGE T. GOLDTHWAITE.

1. We love the grand old trees, With the oak, their roy - ai  
 2. We love the grand old trees, The ce - dar bright a - bove the  
 3. We love the grand old trees, The tu - tip branch - ing broad and

king, The ma - ple, for - est queen, We to her our hom - age bring.  
 snow, The pop - lar straight and tall, And the wil - low weep - ing low.  
 high, The beach with shin - ing robe, And the birch so sweet and shy.

And the elm with state - ly form, Long with - stand - ing wind and storm, The  
 But - ter - nut and wal - nut too, Hick - o - ry, so staunch and true. The  
 A - ged chest - nuts, fair to see, Hol - ly bright with Christmas glee, And

pine, low whis - p'ring to the breeze, We love the grand old trees!  
 bass - wood bloom - ing for the bees, We love the grand old trees!  
 lau - rel crown for vic - to - ries, We love the grand old trees!

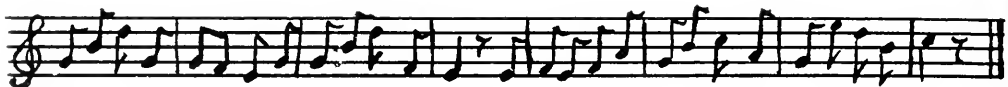
NOTE: The Bass may be omitted.

## WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

O. B. BROWN.



1. "I'll hie me down to yonder bank," A little raindrop said, "And try to cheer that lonely flower, and cool its mossy bed:
2. "I may not linger," said the brook, "But ripple on my way, And help the rills and rivers all To make the ocean spray;"
3. If little things that God has made Are useful in their kind, Oh! let us learn a simple truth, And bear it in our mind:

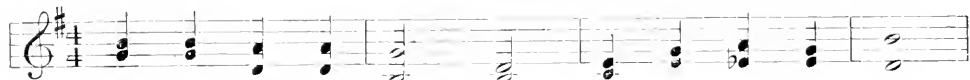


Perhaps the breeze will chide me, Because I am so small; But, sure-ly, I must do my best, For God has work for all."  
 "And I must haste to labor," Replied the busy bee, "The summer days are long and bright, And God has work for me,"  
 That every child can praise Him, However weak and small; Let each with joy remember this,—The Lord has work for all.  
 From "The Coda"

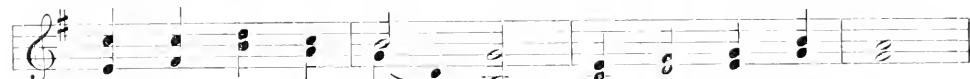
## THE SONG SPARROW.

LUCY LARCOM

GEORGE T. GOLDTHWAITE.



1. Sun - shine set to mu - sic! Hear the spar - row sing!
2. Splen - dor of the sun - rise, Fra - grance of the breeze,



In his note is fresh - ness Of the new - born Spring;  
 Crys - tal of the brook - let Trick - ling un - der trees,



In his trill de - li - cious Sum - mer o - ver - flows—  
 O - ver moss and peb - bles— Hark! you have them all



White - ness of the lil - y, Sweet - ness of the rose.  
 Proph - e - sied and chant - ed In the spar - row's call.

## THE SECRET.

EVELYN M. YOUNG.

GEORGE T. GOLDTHWAITE.

1. There's a dear lit - tle home in an old elm tree,  
 2. There's a dear lit - tle home in an old elm tree,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Secret'. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. Below the melody are two piano accompaniment staves in bass clef, also in 6/8 time. The lyrics are written under the vocal line, with two verses provided. The system concludes with a double bar line.

No - bod - y knows it but you and me. The se - cret we're try - ing our  
 Co - zy and warm as a home could be. The moth - er bird comes with a

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written under the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

best to keep Un - til the ba - bies cry: "peep, peep, peep."  
 mouthful for all, Wide ope the mouths as they hear her call

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written under the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

# DATE DUE

SEP 30 2006	

UPI

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 1236 01782 1904

